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A SERMON

— ON —

Cards, Dancing, Theatres

— AND —

CARNIVALS.

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Preached Sunday Evening, Jany. 30th, 1887,

— BY —

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1 JOHN, 2: 15-16—"Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world."

2 CORINTHIANS, 6: 17—"Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you."

IN their epistles to the churches, the Apostles often had to admonish the professing christians, for their inconsistent conduct in relation to the world: And although eighteen hundred years have passed since those holy men laid down their apostolic pen, their words of reproof and warning are just as needful and applicable to the world-loving christians of to-day, as they were then. It is a sad fact, that many professing christians of this age of boasted civilization and knowledge, need the words of our two texts as much as the crude Christians of the Apostle's day, who had just emerged from the darkness and vices of heathenism. What does this fact prove? It proves that the human heart is the same in all ages and in all climes; that the pleasures of the world are the same in their seductive fascination; that unless the christian obeys Christ's commend to "Watch and Pray," he will enter into temptation and fall therein; and finally that the devil is the same "Roaring lion, that goeth about seeking whom he may devour."

In one of the late Union Prayer Meetings a gentleman remarked, that parents in the rural parts of Yarmouth county, had complained that their sons and daughters who had come to this town to obtain employment, had become corrupted by the society they met here. And that same gentleman said, that Yarmouth had been regarded by them as "A Maelstrom of evil." In a subsequent meeting I said, that I did not believe what that brother said, was true; but since then, I have had occasion to revise my opinion, and I here and now apologize to that brother, for ignorantly denying the truthfulness of his statement. For while there is not so much open shame-faced iniquity in this town, as there is in some places, nevertheless there are undercurrents of vice that are far more dangerous, because they are concealed by a social respectability, that boasts of the alliance of some professing christians. The devil knows, that if he can secure the presence of professing christians at a dance party, or at a card table, or at a theatre, or at a carnival, that his schemes for the ruination of the young and unstable, will be successfully carried out. And this is just where we stand to-day. Scores of professing christians go to dance parties, play with ace cards, encourage the theatre, and patronize the carnival. And thus these abominations are given a gloss of harmlessness, that is more seductive and destructive to our young people, than all the loud vanities of Boston's theatres and gambling hells combined.

Professing christians, who thus pursue the world's pleasures, must have ceased to find their greatest delight in doing the will of God. The Word of God commands us in Colossians, 3:17: "What-

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soever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." It is evident that this precept applies to all that we may say or do in our amusements and pleasures, as well as in the more serious affairs of life. Those amusements and pleasures which can stand this test, are safe and commendable, but those that are condemned by it, are unsafe and dangerous. Apply this test to the parlour dance and the public ball; to the home card table and the gambling saloon; to the amateur plays and the sensuous theatre; and the indelicate carnival. What is there of an elevating character in any of these amusements? In what degree do they help us to overcome the carnal nature that is in us? How much do they contribute to nobleness of character? Who asks a blessing on a game of whist? Who can pray that a dance may make them purer? Who goes to a theatre to promote their truest welfare? And what does a carnival leave in the memory, that will help to make one more chaste? I have observed that those persons that are fond of these engagements, are not deeply in love with their Bible, nor are they the true helpers in the church of God. And those homes that have their dance parties and whist games, are not characterised by family religion in a marked degree, and often there is none at all. It is Christ and His church on one side, and the world with its cards, dances, theatres, and carnivals on the other.

I have heard that I said from this pulpit, that I approved of card-playing. Every truthful man here who heard me preach that sermon to young men, on "Is the young man safe?" knows very well that I never said that. What I said was, that "there is no sin in the cards themselves, but the associations are so corrupt, that it is unsafe for any one to touch them." In just the same way dancing in itself is not wrong, that is dancing in the abstract, but did you ever see dancing in the abstract? The parlor card-table claims freedom from the vulgar associations of the gambling tables, around which sharps and flats gather; but you know as well as I do, that thousands have been hopelessly ruined for time and eternity through card-playing, the taste for which they first received in their homes. Cards have led to gambling, and gambling to forgery, and forgery to prison, and sometimes to suicide. You know very well that those young people, who are infatuated with card-playing, never become worth anything in any of the noble attainments of life. Amateur card-players get so fascinated by the games, that they will meet night after night, and waste time, and health, and money in the folly. And they have gone so far in this iniquity, as even to spend God's holy day, in a secluded quarter, in card-playing. Not a great while ago a number of young fellows were gathered together in a dirty hole of a garret on a Sabbath afternoon, around a pack of cards. Think of it, ye Fathers and Mothers, to what an extent this thing will lead the boys, when they will break God's holy day, to satisfy a craving for card-playing. These bold youths locked the door, but their fathers got scent of this demoralizing thing, and obtaining a forced entrance into the place, there they beheld their own sons with cards on the table, and money stakes beside them. Say you, "I suppose you read that in the *Boston Herald*?" No sir, I had it from the lips of a father in this town, and I suspect it was not many blocks from this church, where the scene was transacted. But from whom do these young fellows learn this evil habit? Alas, from full grown men. Men who have their secret gambling room, where they spend half the night in winning and losing money around a pack of cards. And I suspect that that blindless window (lately they have put up a blind, to the more easily blind

passers by) where the light burns till the hands reach a long way beyond old curfew time, is one of the gambling dens of the older men.

Ace card-playing has gotten such a bad name, that it must forever be regarded by all christian people, as the inalienable property of the devil. And those professing christians who indulge in it, are helping satan in his cruel work of ruining our young people. No wonder that we have so few consecrated young men in our churches, the sphere where the noblest type of manhood is grown: and no wonder that we have in our town such a number of gay worthless young men, when our youths are educated in card-playing by their seniors, during the most critical period of their lives, viz., from twelve to twenty years of age.

A young man who had just learned to play cards, was so elated with his first success, that he went out and bought a pack. He called on his way back and showed them to an old player, who had spent most of his time in this senseless employment. He fingered them familiarly for a moment, and then returned them, saying, "YOU HAD BETTER GO HOME AND BURN THEM." The young man was so amazed at such advice from such a source, that it set him thinking seriously. Surely if any one was competent to judge of the worthlessness of such pursuits, he was. His advice made such a deep impression on the mind of the youth, that he never played again.

A Yarmouth captain was once visiting St. John, N. B., when he met a friend in the city. After the usual interchange of customary recognitions, the friend said "Come, Captain, let us go down to the hotel and have a game with cards." But the captain courteously declined. Nevertheless the friend urged, and persuaded, (and you know how some fellows of the card-playing fraternity will nag at a man to join them in their folly) until the captain came out squarely, and said "You call yourself my friend, don't you? Well now, if I go and play cards with you, and I win your money, or you win my money, will we not want to play on till the loser wins his money back, or what is more likely till he loses a great deal more? Then if we part with money in the pockets of one, that was won from the other, will we remain friends? No, I will not play cards with you or anybody else." And you know that the captain was very logical; for some of the best friendships have been broken and some of the worst forms of enmity have been made around the card-table. Study history and you will find that cards have ever had immoral surroundings, reaching such a state of wickedness under the patronage of Charles the First, that political pamphlets under the most shocking titles appeared, in which the vices of the court were associated with cards. In "Pepys's Diary," under the date of February 17th, 1667, it is stated that on Sabbath evenings he found "the queene, the duchesse of York, and another or two, at cards, with the room full of ladies and great men." That of course took place under the Second Charles, who reigned from 1660 to 1685. You never yet heard of an inveterate card-player being converted to God, who did not once and for ever throw card-playing overboard, and ever afterwards abhor the very sight of a pack. And you never knew a professing christian who played ace cards, but who was regarded by men and women of the world as being grossly inconsistent with the holy religion they profess to believe and follow. When a man or woman becomes ensnared in this trap of the devil's, no one can foretell to what they are going to be brought; for cards have led many to the dogs, and finally to the devil.

"What about the parlour dance?" say you. I say that the parlour dance is the feeder and the bulwark of the licentious ball room. The latter could not live one day without the former. The parlour dance claims the respectability of select society, but the spirit of the dance is the same, the drift is the same. All its influences are away from Christ, and are injurious physically, mentally, and morally. Late hours, late suppers, and the unusual excitement, followed by the weariness that succeeds violent exertion, has undermined the health of thousands. What observer does not know that thousands of once sweet and innocent girls are to-day the vile outcasts of society (who long for the silence and darkness of the grave), whose first step towards ruin was in the parlour dance, but whose last step was in the public ball room. The parlour dance is but the thin end of the devil's wedge—the thick end is the public casino. To the young people protected in their cosy homes, there is no appearance of connection between these two extremes; but satan knows there is, and so do the watchmen on Zion's walls. In Germany, the number of dances and their duration are regulated by law, and in the United States there are laws against its worst forms. Professor Wastel, of Louisville, Kentucky, who taught dancing for twenty-seven years, says: "The time has come when I must really blush for my profession, because of certain new-fangled dances which have been introduced and become fashionable." A dancing master in Philadelphia says: "We see year after year a marked advance in the improprieties of the dance, and the waltz is calculated to do more injury to the young man than many of the vices preached against from the pulpit." These men declare that the advance of the dance is such that it can be neither controlled nor reformed. The only safe course is to abolish it altogether from the home.

One of the most prolific results of dancing is the stirring up of passions and lusts of the flesh, that tempt partners to take improper liberties with each other. You know if you have danced, and if you have not, then learn from those who have, that young men and women cannot embrace each other in dancing, without experiencing feelings that are born of the flesh, which, if fed by a round of parties where there is dancing, begets low and sensuous thoughts. Why is it that dancing masters always give up their profession after they are converted to God? Because their minds are purified, and they cannot conscientiously remain in a calling that is productive of impurity and often leads to the ruin of some of our most lovely girls. Why is it that men and women of the world talk so lightly of the professing Christian who goes to a dance party? Because they know enough of the divine standard to which a Christian is supposed to conform, to compare what they are to what they ought to be. They know that the religion of Jesus is such a pure and lovely thing, that its disciple who leaves the exalted position of walking with God to waltz in the dance room, is leaving the spiritual delights of grace, and is going down to the fleshly pleasures of the world.

But you throw up into my face, "Why, Mr. Adams, members of some churches dance, and are not reproved by their pastors, nor prohibited by their creed." I answer, "Is the fact that some churches permit their members to do evil, any warrant for you to do so? Are those churches your Bible? Are those dancing professors your Christ?" "But," say you, "I know of some Baptists who dance, and have dancing in their homes, and have parties till three o'clock in the morning." Well, suppose there is a poor weak soul that has his or her name on the church roll, who finds delight in the world's amusements; you know as

well as I do, that that professor is breaking the law of the church, violating his covenant with his God, and his example is more injury to the cause of Christ than all the infidelity in town. One of the deacons of this church informs me that members of this church have been visited and admonished for dancing; and in the case of one woman who refused to give up the ungodly practice after she was admonished, she was excluded from the fellowship of the members. And if there are any here, who during my pastorate have been guilty of this breach of their covenant with Christ and His church, we are very sorry that we have not heard sufficient of the particulars of your case to have instituted proceedings that would vindicate the reality of our rules of discipline. The church of Christ will never be the great power she ought to be in the world, in bearing witness to truth and holiness, until all her members come out from among the carnal pleasures of the fleshly-minded sons of Sodom.

A professing Christian mother in this town was desirous of having a company of young friends, for the pleasure of her sons and daughters; but the sons said, "No, mother, don't have any, for you know that they would not enjoy themselves if we did not have cards and dancing," and they had none. What a low state of morals must exist in this town, if friends cannot enjoy an evening at one's house, without resorting to amusements that are more prolific of moral ruin among the young than any other two things that you can mention. A Christian mother said to me the other day: "Mr. Adams, there are certain houses in Yarmouth that are perfect dens of iniquity, where it is one continual round of parties." What is this continual round of dissipation doing for our young people? Are they made wiser, and better, and purer by it? Do they get from such a source strength for heroic word and work in life? Go, ye weak-minded youths, and stand by the side of yon fallen woman, and ask her to tell you the story of her fall into shame. What will ye say? Will ye say that it was through regular attention to her Bible, through daily habits of devotion, and through finding her way to the house of God, and seeking alliance only with the pure and good? No, you will not expect to hear one solitary sentence like those fall from her lips. But you will find that nine out of every ten will attribute the beginning of their fall to the parlour dance, where passions were aroused that were never afterwards allayed. And over the grave of nearly every poor girl, who was once the joy of a dear mother's heart, and the comfort of a care-pressed father, but who was trapped by the devil through a vile man, who bewitched her in an unguarded moment, and whose life was blighted by the foul breath of sin, and whose soul was blasted of all its purity in an evil hour—over the grave of nearly every such victim may be truthfully written,

"DAMNED BY A DANCE."

At a dancing party, given at the residence of Mr. Scott, near Avoca, Alabama, the dancers became much heated and exhausted by dancing till the usual morning hour. In this condition they started home. On the way the weather changed to an exceeding cold one, producing alarming results on their excited systems. Of those engaged in the dance two died next morning, seven died a little later, and all suffered more or less. This is only one of the many instances of the fatal results of dancing.

You all surely know that the body of a young, growing girl is one of the most delicate pieces of work that the Almighty ever created. And, in view of the functions she has to perform in womanhood, there is no period of her life when greater can

should be bestowed on her health and the cultivation of her moral powers, than between her twelfth and twentieth years. And yet, strange to say, these are the years when she is allowed to expose herself to contract, by chills and other imprudent conduct, some of the most violent diseases—diseases which, as a matter of charity, are attributed to innocent causes. Take an illustration. A lovely, delicate girl of seventeen, is permitted to go to a dance party at eight o'clock. The amusements, including dancing, are kept up till three in the morning. After being in a hot room or rooms for several hours, tired, weary and exhausted by the round of pleasures, she puts on her wraps and goes out into the midnight air, to wend her way home. Now, what but a miracle of God's mercy is to prevent her from contracting that indefinable thing we call a cold? This pleasure hunt is kept up for a few years, but at last the hectic flush appears, the inevitable cough shakes the lungs, and the doctor is called in. He pronounces it "consumption." He says, "Any consumption on the father's side?" They say "No." "Any die of it on the mother's side?" Again they answer, "No, sir. We certainly cannot account for this disease in our daughter, for not any of the family ever had it before." Ah, they little think of that night when she came out of a dancing room, her clothes all damp with perspiration, and the fatal chill laid the foundation for disease to prey on her frail and delicate organs. I tell you, that if you were acquainted with all the imprudent things girls do in their teens, you could trace the cause of most of the diseases that make so many of them prematurely old. Do you say that is a stretch of my imagination? Ah, you know that it is a picture true to life. I give you facts. I give you everything but names; you can furnish the names without my aid.

A revival was in progress in the Houston Street Presbyterian church, New York, in which a young lady was deeply convicted of sin. Being invited to a dance party, she went. Conscience was outraged, but not slain. Again she was found at the meetings and was urged to decide for God. An invitation to another dance turned her feet from the house of God, to the house of worldly pleasure. That night disease pounced upon her frail body, and she returned home to sicken and die without hope. Two short weeks found her among the seekers of religion, then in the ball room, again in the place of prayer, again in the ball room, and then where? IN HER COFFIN; one of the many thousands of victims of the dance.

A young lady, who was a professing christian, invited a young gentleman to be one of a social dancing party at the house of a friend. Not many months after, during a season of religious interest, she came to him to converse on the subject of his soul's salvation. He reminded her of the invitation given some months before to the dancing party and closed with the remark, "I don't want such christians to talk to me."

A christian father in this town has been trying to train his children in the paths of purity and righteousness. His unconverted daughter (whom that father has been longing to see come into the kingdom of God) said to him one day "Pa, do you know, Miss so and so was at a dancing party the other night, and she is a member of such and such a church; now if she may go to dance parties, why can't I go, Pa?" What could that father say? What could you say to that girl? Do you not see that the inconsistent professor of religion is the greatest stumbling block in the way of souls coming to Christ? Do you not see that such christians are trying to serve the Lord with one hand, and the devil with the

other? Oh, it is a burning shame that so many professors of Christianity prefer their own carnal desires before the will of God; that they will go to a dance party through a raging storm, even though it cost them a dollar for conveyance, but will not go to a prayer meeting even on a fine evening; and that they will rather be the damnation of a weak soul, than deny the lusts of the flesh.

A son was entreated by his mother to give up balls, because they diverted his attention from the more serious things of life. But he justified himself by the example of p^{ro}fessed christians. He especially referred to a Miss P—— who he said "used to make me very unhappy by her religious talk, but lately she has become very agreeable and attends balls." The spirit of God strove with him, but he silenced it by saying, "I AM SAFE IF SHE IS." One day he received an injury, which sent him unconscious and unprepared into ETERNITY. Did dancing keep him from Christ? Or does the blood of his soul stain the garments of that professing christian? I tell you, ye dancing and card-playing christians, eternity will make some awful revelations of the results of your influence on the destinies of some souls. The other evening several members of this church were invited to spend the evening at a friend's house. When the time had arrived when they all ought to have been in bed, (resting for the duties of the next day) some one proposed that they make up a set and have a dance. The two or three Baptists declined to take any part; and as there was not enough to complete the quorum without them, the proposition to dance fell through. Was anybody a loser for the failure? Would any one have been any better if it had been a success? And if those professing Baptist christians had engaged in the dance, would they not have gone down many per cent. in the esteem of their unconverted friends? As it was could those worldly friends have done less than think them very consistent? Ah, you all know that the inconsistencies of your lives have robbed you of the spiritual power needed to testify for Christ in the midst of this crooked and perverse generation. How often have some of you, when I have urged you to speak to some one about their soul's salvation, said to me: "It is so hard to speak to them about Christ." Alas, in most cases you stand in the way of your own usefulness.

Christian girls are now asking me if I think they can go to the "Carnival." What is the difference between the carnival and the public ball? One is on ice and the other on a waxed floor; but the costumes and skating with unknown partners, and the temptation to take improper liberties, and the ungodly characters admitted, and the whirl and excitement, and the exposure to the almost if not quite midnight air, make the Ball and the Carnival TWIN SISTERS. What is the character of the young men who go to the carnival? Are they not in many cases the unconverted sons of well-to-do families, and others who think them selves such? Are they not in many cases, the frivolous card-playing, smoking, drinking dudes, of what some people call "Yarmouth Society?" Are they fit partners for christian girls? Where is the pure-minded girl that would have the arm of such Sodomitish fellows around her waist, and his nasty tobaccoed breath puffing in her face? Ladies in this town have gone to carnivals in the past, have taken the arm of masked partners, and have gone the round of pleasure; but when the hour to unmask has arrived, and the lady has seen the face of her partner, in some cases what a sense of disgust and mortification has filled her soul? Virtuous ladies have skated at carnivals with fellows, from whom they would turn their heads on the street, as being utterly offensive to their moral

sense. And yet knowing this, even christian girls want to go.

With indiscriminate denunciations of amusements I have no sympathy. Both the body and the mind require RE-CREATION; but the great trouble is, that so many people call some things recreation, that are in reality DISSIPATION. Amusements of a right quantity and quality are essential to both sexes; but too much of even a good thing, may become an evil; and a very little of a wrong quality, like poison, may become a very great evil. Nothing at first sight seems more harmless, or better calculated to exercise the body than one or two hours skating. But how many will content themselves with ENOUGH of this amusement? In many cases they will go day after day, and night after night, letting every thing else that pertains to their intellectual and moral culture go unattended, till their abuse of an otherwise healthy amusement uses up all their vital forces, and then follows a physical collapse, involving a heavy doctor's bill.

The New York *Tribune* gives the testimony of a physician in a large country town, that the excessive exercise, long hours, and exposure to cold drafts in rinks, have greatly increased debility among girls and young women, and have laid the foundation of serious diseases, that have taken most of the buoyancy and pleasure of living, out of their after days, and some have reached an early grave. The New York *Sun* has a long interview with one of the chief promoters of rinks, in which an account is given of the indelicacy indulged in by certain young men, under the cover of teaching uninitiated young girls how to skate. A young lady in this town wanted to go to the Rink. Said her father "Well, I will buy you a pair of skates and a season ticket on one condition, that is, that you go every day you want to go, but only between the hours of two and four in the afternoon." Did she accept? No. Why? Because she wanted to go in the evening, when the crowd is there. And that father was determined that his pure and lovely daughter should not be exposed to the temptations, and glitter and glare, which are generally found in rinks, when a mixed crowd of men and women are skating there in the evening. In days to come that girl will have to thank God for such a father, when she looks upon some of the bloodless and deformed women hobbling through life, whose parents allowed them, when girls, to go where they liked and with whom they would.

I suppose when that opera house goes up, Satan will use it as a means for ensnaring the young into the way of folly. Whenever a theatrical company stops here to give a play, young people ask "is it wrong to go to Ryerson's hall to-night?" And those who ask this question are not of the dissipated and dissolute class, (they will go without asking) but clean young men and maidens, too pure to be corrupted by a needless exposure to the demoralizing influences of the stage. That such a question should be asked, whenever a troupe of actors and actresses pass through Yarmouth is not surprising, for the pictorial advertisements with which our municipal authorities allow them to paste up in prominent places, are of such an exciting character (sometimes they are even indecent) as to awaken in certain uninitiated minds a desire to see the real characters. Before any here (who are novices in the world,) commence to patronize the stage, take a few words of warning from an old theatre frequenter. In the days of my sinful estate I visited nearly every theatre in London. The first few times I beheld and heard impure things before the foot lights, I was shocked; but after a few visits all sense of shame left me, and I was hungry for anything in the form of moral carrion that the

stage could serve up. To-day I would willingly have my right hand cut off, if I could erase from my mind and memory, some of the impure things I heard and saw in my teens. But they cannot be rubbed out, for they were imprinted with the deep black ink of hell, when the brain was young and fresh and easily impressed.

I am not now speaking to professing christians of the inconsistency of patronizing the theatre, because I hope there are none; at least none who are members of this church, who would commit such a violation of their covenant with the Saviour as to encourage the impudent and impure personifications of the stage. But I am just now addressing those who, while you are not members of any church, you are not void in the iniquitous machinations of the world, the flesh, and the devil; and a word of warning may be helpful to you whenever the temptation may again arise to go to a "theatrical performance."

I am not so ignorant of certain plays, as to make the sweeping remark that every play is immoral; nor am I so disgusted with theatrical performers as a whole, as to assert that they are all corrupt in motives and in mind; nor do I believe that every one who has gone to a play has necessarily gone to the dogs; but I do unhesitatingly assert in the name of Righteousness and in the name of every converted actor and actress, that the whole tone and tendency of the stage, that is taking the stage as a whole, is antagonistic to individual heart purity, and derogatory to national morals. I know that some will say "We must except some plays as being elevating in tone, and educating in influence." But surely you know that these are so rare, especially in this day of glare and glitter and glamour, that to put the moral play over against these that are impregnated with impure insinuations, is like (in their comparative influences,) the splash of a pail of water beside the irresistible Niagara.

You know that the chief object of a stage manager is not to furnish the individual patron with sights and sayings, which shall leave an elevating moral tone in his mind; nor does he care one straw about the influence of his stage on the home life of his visitors; neither is he interested in the advance of national morals; the one absorbing aim of his life as a stage manager, is to **MAKE MONEY**.

The successful stage manager of to-day, (I do not know what elements were essential to a successful manager of plays in past days, nor do I need to know, as I am not concerned with what the stage was, but what it is to-day) the man who can get a full house and consequently a full purse by manipulation, is not he who strives to keep his exhibitions within Puritanic limitations, for that class of drama would not "Draw." For I understood that some Henry-Ingling-sort-of-a-manager did once try the experiment of running a theatre in Boston, "that excluded every indelicacy from the stage, and every improper person from the audience." But how much money did this ambitious reformer of the stage make out of his well meant effort? He failed, and his "high class theatre went into Bankruptcy." Why? Because the class of people who generally patronize theatres do not find such "intellectual plays" congenial to their taste.

The successful stage manager of to-day, is he who can present to the "public" a play that will have a little immorality in it; a love story that will end in a divorce; a pantomime that will insure the exhibition of a number of semi-nude girls; or a blood and fire tragedy that will end in a murder or a suicide. These are the plays that "TAKE" to-day. And it is just here where the church

of Christ and the theatre cross swords. The Mission of the Church is to win man away from his carnal nature to a pure and holy Christ. The mission of the theatre is to develope man's carnal nature by familiarizing his eyes and ears with obscenities and vulgarities. And though of course no man on the stage would avow, or even acknowledge that this is the specific mission of the theatre, yet this is the **RESULT** of its work. And when professing christians uphold the theatre by paying their money to keep it open, and can sit in the audience and enjoy the play, I believe they have reached a low state of spiritual life, when it becomes very questionable if they are christians at all; and ought to be subjected to the wholesome discipline of the church, and if they persist in upholding this, one of Christ's fiercest enemies, that member ought to be excluded from the fellowship of the Lord's people. Every converted Actor invariably gives up his profession; and what is not fit for him as a christian to perform, is certainly not fit for any body else to witness, whether he be a christian or not, either old or young.

Some people say "how is one to use the time when invited out to spend an evening, if we ought not to play cards and dance, &c.?" **AN EVENING?** Did you mean what you said? an evening? Why don't you say what you mean? Do you call it "An Evening" when you sit and talk till eleven o'clock, and then pass round refreshments. Then at eleven thirty you commence dancing, and at three in the morning you begin to think of going home? You arrive home, and after getting around the fire to recover from the chilling effects of exposure to the midnight air, you settle your head on the pillow at four o'clock A. M. And that is what you call an evening. "**AN EVENING,**" eh? Well I must confess that I would be puzzled to know how to fill in from eight P. M. to three A. M. in any man's home, and be entertaining, to say nothing of the task of rubbing my eyes continually to pretend I were not sleepy. My evening closes at TEN o'clock or thereabouts in any man's house; and I maintain that that is late enough for any one to be outside their own door and especially any young people. If you make your "**EVENING**" with your friend close at the respectable hour of ten o'clock, I am quite sure that you can spend the time very pleasantly and profitably, without calling into service any of the amusements that belong to a God-hating world; and moreover you will be surprised to find how much smaller your family Doctor's bills will be, and so-called consumption (often originated in mid-night air) will not make so many gaps in the family.

There is one more thing that I desire to speak of, and then I shall close this long sermon. I am very much shocked to know, that there are some well-to-do people who keep wines and spirits in their cellar; and who actually bring the accursed stuff on the table when they have "Company." O what cruel temptation to put before the young and unstable. It is a standing disgrace (especially in this Scott Act town of Yarmouth) for any professor of christianity to keep a stock of the "Fire-water" for his own indulgence, but to cross the path of a young man or woman with the vile thing, is a deed that ought to be as punishable as the sale of it to minors by saloonists. I believe that if I had a son or a daughter who went to a man's house, and he put intoxicating beverages before one of them, I would have him arrested for doing what the most common saloonist is not permitted to do; or if I could not do that, I would be tempted to take the law into my own hands. And then some of you are not satisfied with an occasional "Party," but you are incessantly repeating the same

thing, as if life were given, only to be wasted in pleasure. I am quite sure that many cannot afford so many "Parties," without neglecting their duties in other directions; and eternity will alone reveal how many men were sent into Bankruptcy through excessive indulgence in this "PARTY" business, or rather folly. When I see a man give five or ten dollars as a whole year's subscription to God's work and worship, and that same man spend twenty and fifty dollars on a "party", I pity his mean spirit towards God, and cannot commend his generosity towards his well-to-do neighbour.

Christian men and women, in the name of the Lord who bought you and redeemed you from the dominion of sin, and who hath bestowed on you the birthright to eternal blessedness, I appeal to you that you will come out from those who love the world, that you will decline all invitations to those houses where you know that these demoralizing amusements are indulged in, and that you will abolish them from your own homes. If the whole of the Christians of this town will henceforth discountenance ace cards, dancing, theatrical performances, and carnivals, these things will soon be numbered with the past follies of so-called Yarmouth society; and if they are not abolished from society, our Lots will come out from Sodom, and deliver their souls from the awful responsibility that must otherwise rest on them.

Christians, once more I ask you, will you not, for the sake of our young people, whose future characters and destinies are shaping now, for the sake of older ones who are weak and easily tempted; will you not for the sake of the honour of the church of Christ; ABOVE ALL will you not for the sake of your DEAR SAVIOUR (Whose heart you are wounding while you are walking with the world), will you not for HIS SAKE. TURN THE WORLD OUT OF YOUR HEART, ABOLISH ACE CARDS AND DANCING FROM YOUR HOMES, AND KEEP OUT OF THE THEATRE AND THE CARNIVAL?

And you, dear girls, who are not Christians and members of Christian churches, I beseech you to remember that nothing but the GRACE OF GOD can save you from the bewitchery of a vile lustful man, whose addresses you allow to be offered to your chaste soul. I most earnestly plead with you that you will believe me, when I say that you had better live and die in your virgin estate, than yield to the sorcery of a man whose chief delight is in liquor, tobacco, cards, dancing, theatres and carnivals; or you may find to your eternal sorrow that you are nursing a viper in your bosom.

And you, young men, I entreat you listen to me as to a brother. This soul of mine has been scorched, and still is scarred by the abominations I have been denouncing. I do most earnestly warn you to keep clear of those six curses that constitute the Moloch of the 19th century, for you cannot pass through his fires without your soul being singed, and perhaps your character burned right up. I here and now, after eighteen years' familiar knowledge of the world, and fourteen years' experience of the joys of the Christian life, heartily recommend the Holy Son of God to you as the only safe guide that you can have through the life that now is, unto that which is to come. **YOUNG MEN, YIELD YOURSELVES TO CHRIST AS SAVIOUR, TEACHER, KING; THEN BUILD UP A CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, AND BUILD FOR ETERNITY. AMEN AND AMEN.**